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ALAN MOORE • J.H. WILLIAMS III
MICK GRAY • JEROMY COX • TODD KLEIN
JOSE VILLARRUBIA
AMERICA'S BEST COMICS!
PROMETHEA
NO. 12
THE MAGICIANS
A POP ART HAPPENING
POETRY AND LIGHT SHOW
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I'M MIKE, SES MACK. ONE'S FRONT, THE OTHER'S BACK.
THESE ARE THE MIND'S FIGS FALLS, DEAR CHILD, WITH GOLDEN INFORMATION TILED. HERE IS REVEALED, FOR ALL TO SEE, THE MAGIC OF REALITY.
CONVERSELY, WE MAY ALSO VIEW REALITY IN MAGIC, TOO.
THE UNIVERSE'S STARRY RASH THAT BURST FROM NOWHERE IN A FLASH, THE MAGIC OF THIS EARTHLY BALL, THE WONDER THAT WE'RE HERE AT ALL!
LET'S SEE... YOU TWO SNAKES, MACK AND MIKE, HAVE BROUGHT ME TO THIS... THIS THEATER OF THE MIND TO LEARN ABOUT MAGIC, AM I RIGHT?
THE BLAZING MIRACLE OF THOUGHT! THAT ALL OF THIS EMERGED FROM NAUGHT! TOO LEARN OF MAGIC IS NOT HARD...
JUST PICK A CARD. PICK ANY CARD...
PROMETHEA
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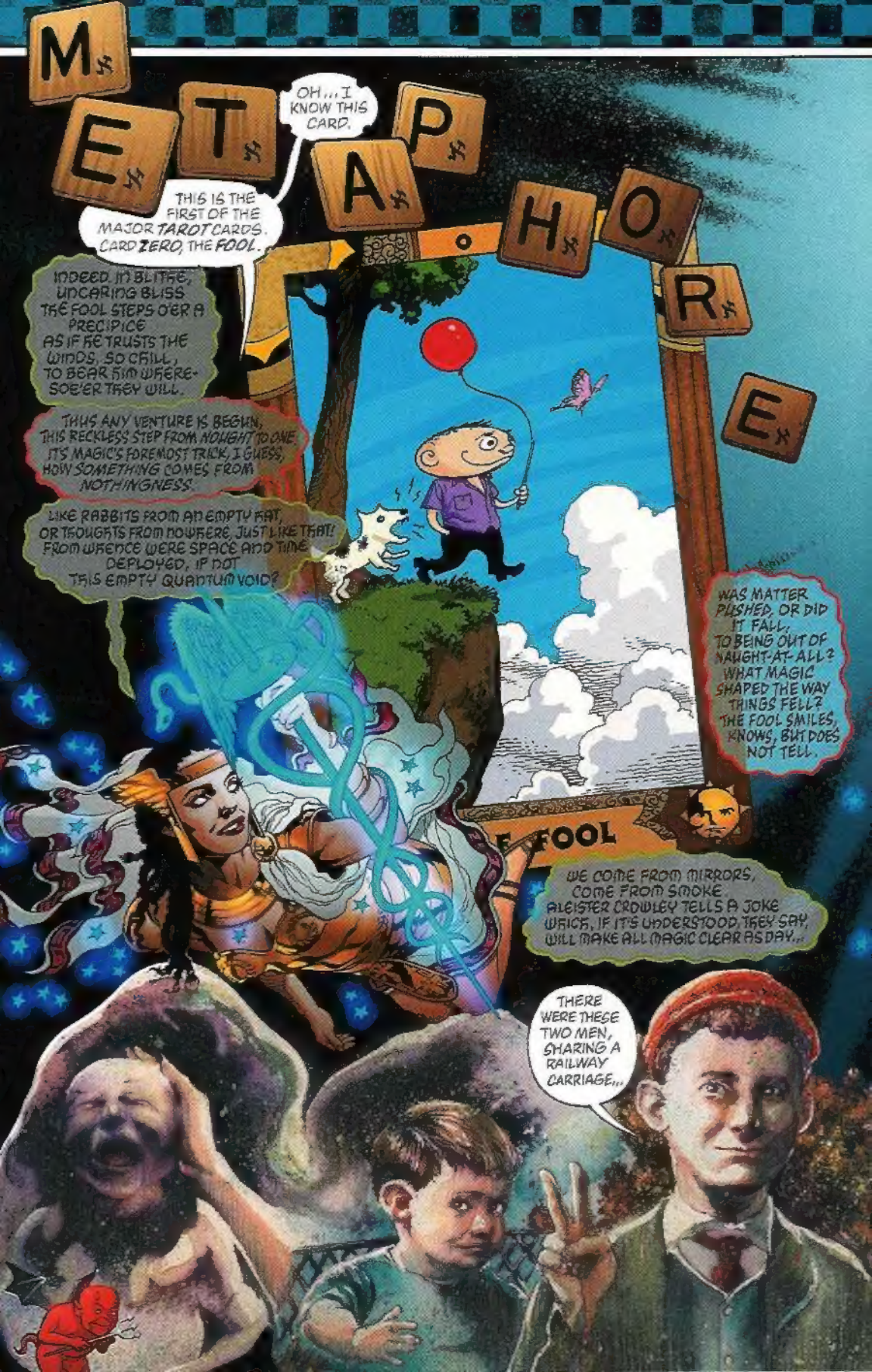
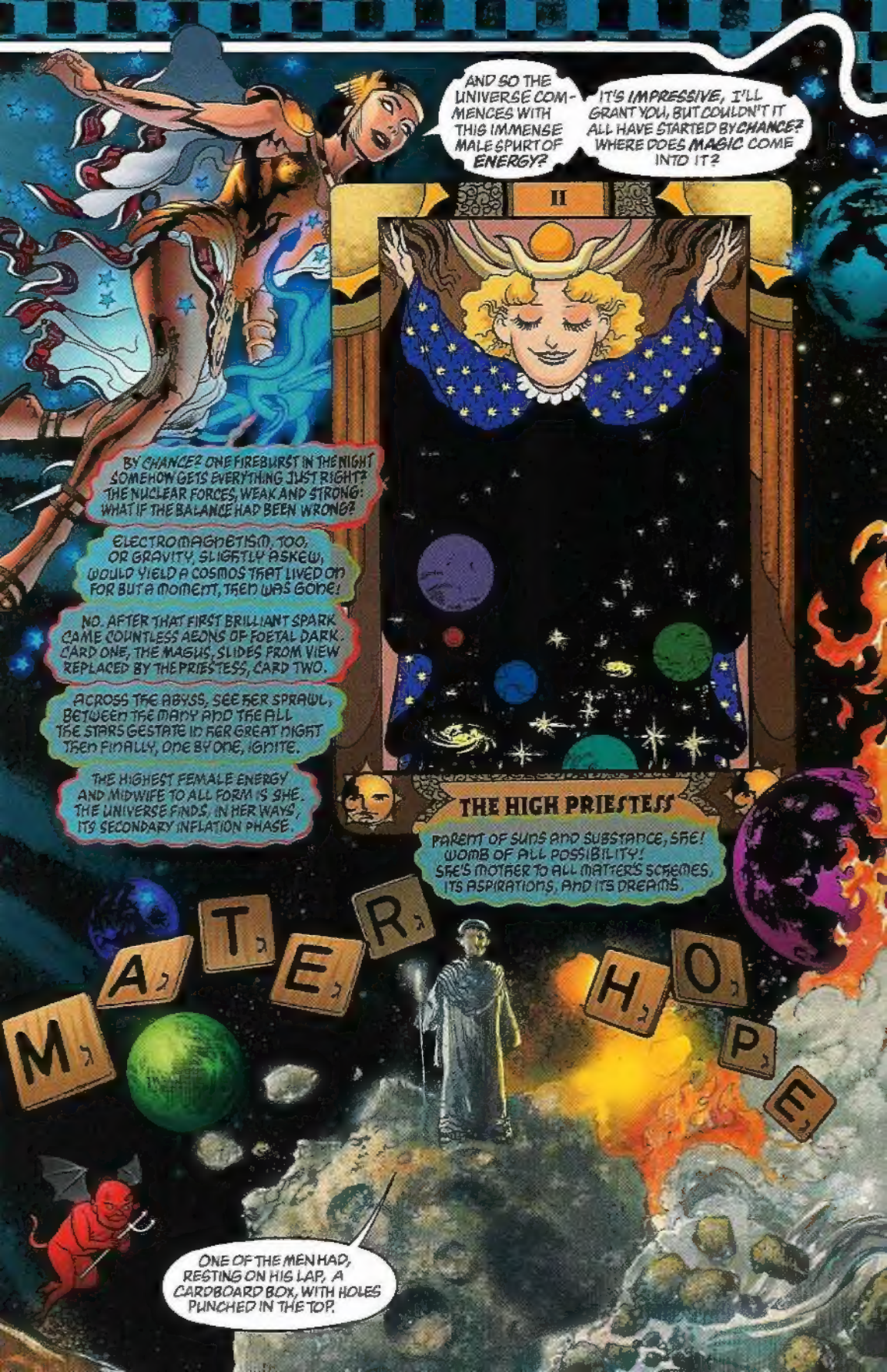

METAPHORE
OH... I KNOW THIS CARD.
THIS IS THE FIRST OF THE MAJOR TAROT CARDS. CARD ZERO, THE FOOL.
INDEED. IN BLITHE, UNCARING BLISS THE FOOL STEPS O'ER A PRECIPICE AS IF HE TRUSTS THE WINDS, SO CRIES, TO BEAR HIM WHERE-SOE'ER THEY WILL.
THUS ANY VENTURE IS BEGUN, THIS RECKLESS STEP FROM NOUGHT TO ONE. IT'S MAGIC'S FOREMOST TRICK, I GUESS, HOW SOMETHING COMES FROM NOTHINGNESS.
LIKE RABBITS FROM AN EMPTY HAT, OR THOUGHTS FROM NOWHERE, JUST LIKE THAT! FROM WHENCE WERE SPACE AND TIME DEPLOYED, IF NOT THIS EMPTY QUANTUM VOID?
WAS MATTER PUSHED, OR DID IT FALL, TO BEING OUT OF NAUGHT-AT-ALL? WHAT MAGIC SHAPED THE WAY THINGS FELL? THE FOOL SMILES, KNOWS, BUT DOES NOT TELL.
FOOL
WE COME FROM MIRRORS, COME FROM SMOKE ALEISTER CROWLEY TELLS A JOKE WHICH, IF IT'S UNDERSTOOD, THEY SAY, WILL MAKE ALL MAGIC CLEAR AS DAY...
THERE WERE THESE TWO MEN, SHARING A RAILWAY CARRIAGE...

"RAILWAY CARRIAGE?" ARE YOU SURE THAT'S PART OF THIS TRAIN OF THOUGHT?
AND WHERE IS ALL THIS LIGHT SUDDENLY EXPLODING FROM?
I
THE MAGUS
WHY, CHILD, EXISTENCE IS BEGUN: CARD ZERO HAS BECOME CARD ONE!
THE FOOL TO THE MAGICIAN YIELDS, AND FROM THE VACANT QUANTUM FIELDS ERUPTS THE SINGULARITY OF ALL THAT IS, OR THAT MAY BE.
THE MAGUS REPRESENTS THE WILL THAT MADE THINGS HAPPEN, THEN, AND STILL. THE MALE FORCE, THE CREATIVE URGE, THE WAND FROM WHICH ALL ACTIONS SURGE!
THE SPARK FROM WHICH ALL THINGS PROCEED! THAT WHICH IGNITES EACH WORD, EACH DEED. BIRTHED COSMOS IN A SUDDEN STORM AND CONJURES ALL THINGS INTO FORM.
HE'S EVERY ARTIST, SCRIBE OR SAGE. 'TIS HE THAT MARKS THE EMPTY PAGE. HE IS WHICHEVER SEEMS LEAST ODD: A BIG BANG, OR A FATHER GOD.
P A T H E O R E M
THEY DIDN'T KNOW EACH OTHER. THEY JUST HAPPENED TO BE TRAVELLING TOGETHER.


AND SO THE UNIVERSE COMMENCES WITH THIS IMMENSE MALE SPURT OF ENERGY?
IT'S IMPRESSIVE, I'LL GRANT YOU, BUT COULDN'T IT ALL HAVE STARTED BY CHANCE? WHERE DOES MAGIC COME INTO IT?
II
BY CHANCE? ONE FIREBURST IN THE NIGHT SOMEHOW GETS EVERYTHING JUST RIGHT? THE NUCLEAR FORCES, WEAK AND STRONG: WHAT IF THE BALANCE HAD BEEN WRONG?
ELECTROMAGNETISM, TOO, OR GRAVITY, SLIGHTLY ASKEW, WOULD YIELD A COSMOS THAT LIVED ON FOR BUT A MOMENT, THEN WAS GONE!
NO. AFTER THAT FIRST BRILLIANT SPARK CAME COUNTLESS AEONS OF FOETAL DARK. CARD ONE, THE MAGUS, SLIDES FROM VIEW REPLACED BY THE PRIESTESS, CARD TWO.
ACROSS THE ABYSS, SEE HER SPRAWL, BETWEEN THE MANY AND THE ALL THE STARS GESTATE IN HER GREAT NIGHT THEN FINALLY, ONE BY ONE, IGNITE.
THE HIGHEST FEMALE ENERGY AND MIDWIFE TO ALL FORM IS SHE. THE UNIVERSE FINDS, IN HER WAYS, ITS SECONDARY INFLATION PHASE.
THE HIGH PRIESTESS
PARENT OF SUNS AND SUBSTANCE, SHE! WOMB OF ALL POSSIBILITY! SHE'S MOTHER TO ALL MATTER'S SCHEMES, ITS ASPIRATIONS, AND ITS DREAMS.
MATTER HOPE
ONE OF THE MEN HAD, RESTING ON HIS LAP, A CARDBOARD BOX, WITH HOLES PUNCHED IN THE TOP.

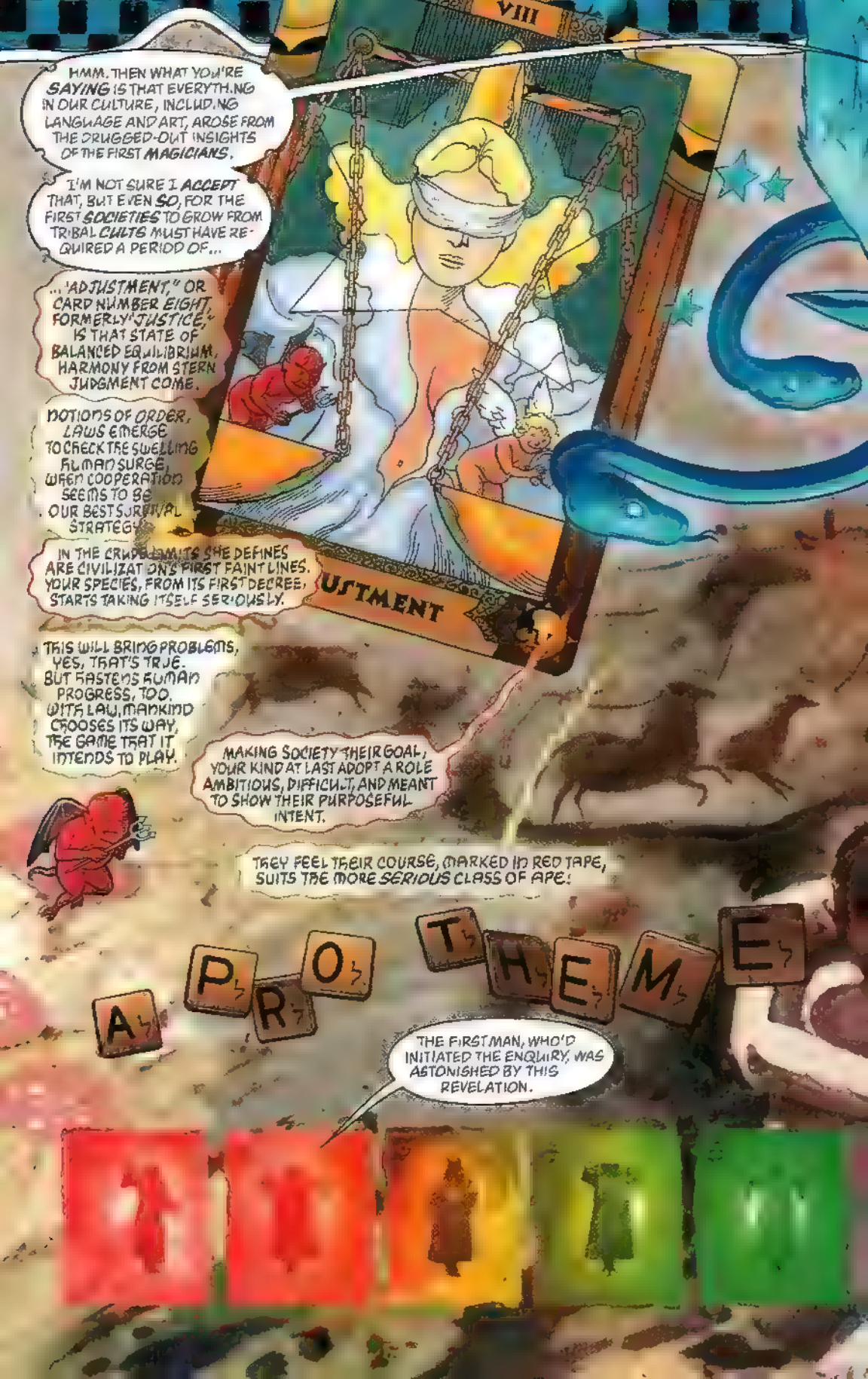
THEN...WHAT YOU'RE IMPLYING IS THAT ALL THESE TAROT PICTURES REPRESENT A CODED HISTORY OF... EVERYTHING?
THE FOOL'S THE INITIAL QUANTUM VACUUM, WITH THE MAGUS AND PRIESTESS AS PRIMARY AND SECONDARY INFLATION PERIODS OF WHAT WE CALL "THE BIG BANG?"
ALL RIGHT. SO, AFTER THAT FIRST FLASH. AFTER THE LONG, DARK, SILENT PAUSE THAT FOLLOWED. AFTER THE STARS HAD FINALLY SWITCHED THEMSELVES ON...WHAT THEN?
III
THE EMPRESS
WHEN ALL SUNS GREETED THAT FIRST DAY, THE ELEMENTS, BY THEN IN PLAY, WERE IN GREAT GASEOUS GLOBS FLUNG FAR STREWN ABOUT EVERY BIRTHING STAR.
THESE CLOUDS OF MATTER COOLED, CONGEALED UNTIL THE PLANETS RUNG REVEALED, OUR MOTHER-WORLD AMONGST THEM. SEE HER IN OUR EMPRESS HERE, CARD THREE.
SHE IS ALL BOUNTY AND ALL LOVE, LOVELY AS VENUS, BRIGHT ABOVE. EARTH, WATER, FIRE, AND AIR, AS ONE, CHURN HERE IN FERTILE UNION.
THE HOLY SPARK 'TWIXT HE AND SHE, BURNS IN HER SWEET FECUNDITY. THE SEEDS OF LIFE IN HER ABIDE, IN WIND, FIRE, AVALANCHE AND TIDE.
HOW FAIR IS SHE, OUR QUEEN, OUR EARTH? THAT SHELTERED US, THAT GAVE US BIRTH?
APERT
HOME
AFTER SOME TIME SPENT CONTEMPLATING WHAT MIGHT BE INSIDE HIS TRAVELLING COMPANION'S BOX, THE OTHER MAN AT LAST COULD NOT CONTAIN HIS CURIOSITY...

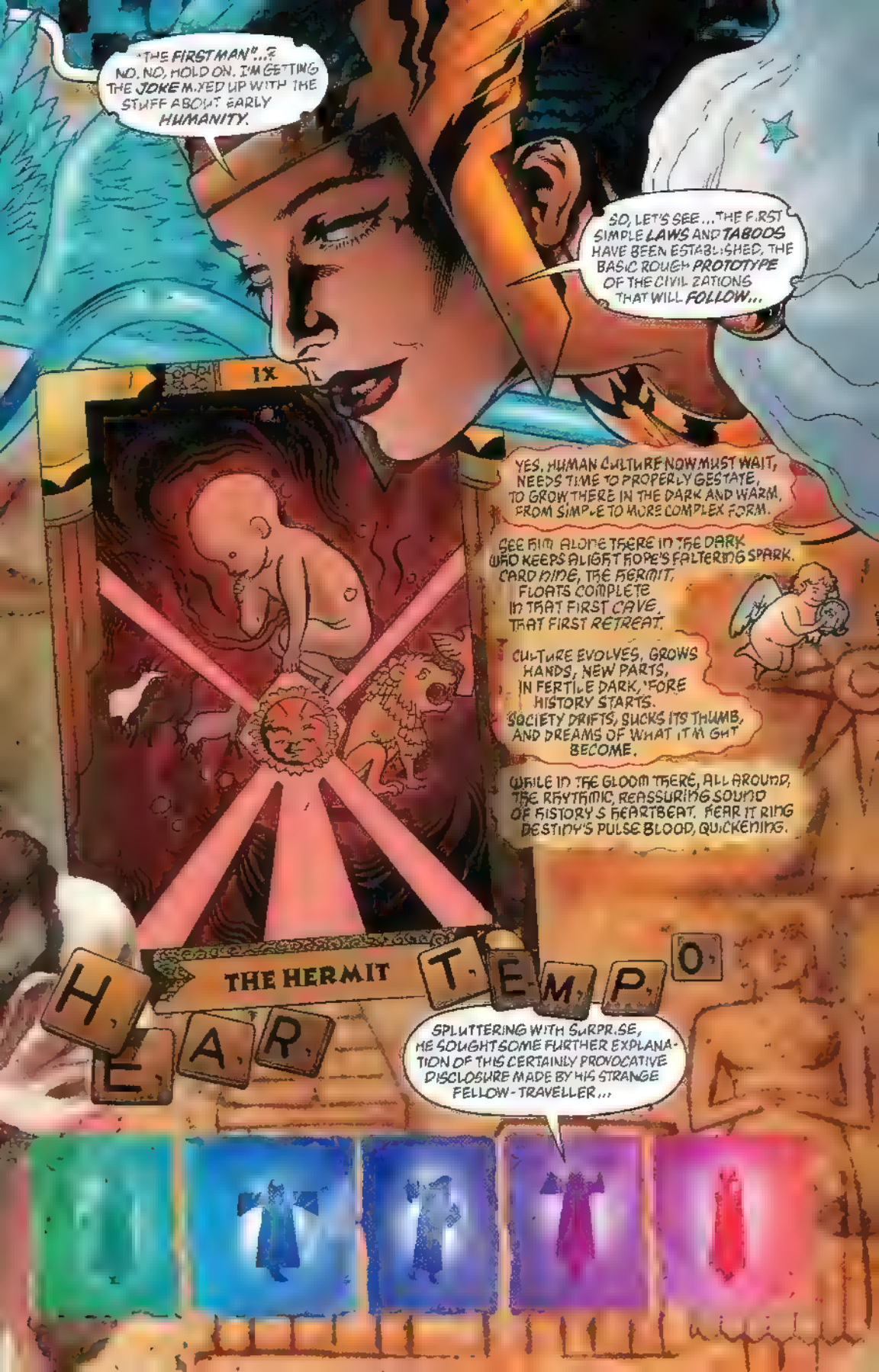
I DON'T THINK I CAN CONTAIN MY CURIOSITY, EITHER.
WHAT COMES NEXT, AFTER THE COSMOS HAS ORGANIZED ITSELF ENOUGH TO FORM PLANETARY SYSTEMS?
WHAT NEXT INDEED? THE STAGE IS SET. BUT DRAMA CAN'T COMMENCE JUST YET. OUR LEADING MAN, THOUGH UNREHEARSED, MUST STEP INTO THE SPOTLIGHT FIRST.
THE LIFELESS CHEMICALS AND CLAY MUST SOMEHOW BRAID TO DNA. CARD THREE'S SUPPLANTED BY CARD FOUR. BEHOLD HIM, LIFE, THE EMPEROR!
IN HIM, A DIVINE ENERGY ACHIEVES SUBSTANTIALITY.
HIS DOUBLE-HELIX SCEPTRE TWISTS, CONJURES ALL BEING FROM THE MISTS. THE RULES THAT GOVERN ALL LIFE'S TOILS ARE IN HIS CHROMOSOME-RUNGED COILS.
THIS SPIRAL STRAND OF ALL WHO LIVE, THIS SPOOLED GENETIC NARRATIVE PROVIDES THE CAST WHO'LL CLOWN AND RAGE ACROSS THE NEW EARTH'S EMPTY STAGE.
THIS TWISTED ROPE'S LIFE'S SCRIPT, LIFE'S SCHEME, AND LENDS OUR COSMIC PLAY ITS THEME.
IV
THE EMPEROR
ROPE THEMA
HE SAID, "EXCUSE ME, BUT I COULDN'T HELP NOTICING YOUR BOX.
"DOES IT BY CHANCE CONTAIN SOME VARIETY OF ANIMAL?

"VARIETY OF ANIMAL?" IS THAT CONNECTED WITH THE STUFF ABOUT THE EMERGENCE OF DNA, OR...UH...
I'M SORRY. I'M HAVING TROUBLE KEEPING THE DIFFERENT THREADS SEPARATE. I'M NOT EVEN SURE WHICH OF YOU TWO IS WHICH...
IT'S LIKE A FUGUE: YOU HAVE A CHOICE OF FOLLOWING A SINGLE VOICE, OR LETTING EACH STRAND GROW LESS CLEAR THE MUSIC OF THE WHOLE TO HEAR!
THIS TALK OF THREADS WITH INTERPLAY RETURNS US TO THE DNA. CARD FOUR, SOURCE OF ALL THAT'S ALIVE, BECOMES THE HIEROPHANT. CARD FIVE.
THIS VISIONARY PAPAL FORCE GUIDES FLEDGLING LIFE UPON ITS COURSE THAT THE INITIAL SPARK DIVINE MIGHT FOSTER A TERRESTRIAL LINE.
FROM ALGAE TO ANNELID WORM, THROUGH EVOLUTION'S HOOP WE SQUIRM. FROM FISH TO REPTILE, SNAKE TO BIRD, WE'RE SCALED, OR FEATHERED, OR ELSE FURRED.
FROM MONKEYS, LIFE ADAPTS AND THRIVES 'TIL HOMO HABILIS ARRIVES: "LUCY," A FOSSIL REMNANT FOUND IN SOME FAR ETHIOPIAN MOUND.
A FEMALE HOMINID, THIS FIND WAS PREDECESSOR TO MANKIND, FIRST HUMAN PRINT ON TIME'S LONG TRACK...
...AND, SINCE YOU ASK, I'M MIKE. HE'S MACK.
THE HIEROPHANT
APE MOTHER
THE OTHER MAN, THOUGH OBVIOUSLY SURPRISED BY THIS IMPERTINENT INTRUSION FROM A STRANGER, SMILED POLITELY AS HE ANSWERED...

I SEE. AFTER MILLENNIA OF EVOLUTIONARY PROCESS, WE ARRIVE AT MODERN MAN,...AND WOMAN... JUST IN TIME FOR CARD SIX, WHICH IS CALLED...
"THE LOVERS." SEE THEM, 'NEATH THEIR TREE, VESSELS OF SACRED ALCHEMY. IN SEX'S CRUCIBLE THEY STIR THE RED AND WHITE, THE HIM AND HER.
IN EDEN, ONCE, THEY KNEW SEX NOT, NOR DEATH, NOR ANY OF THAT ROT. BEING AMOEBAS, THEY WERE QUITE IMMORTAL AND HERMAPHRODITE.
(THAT THEY'RE AMOEBAS IS IMPLIED BY EVE, GROWN FROM HER HUSBAND'S SIDE.)
THOUGH IN A DEATHLESS STATE OF GRACE, THEY'RE NOT MUCH USE AROUND THE PLACE. THE WILY SERPENT DNA BRINGS SEX AND DEATH HERE INTO PLAY!
WITH THESE TWO FACTORS, THERE CAN BE PROGRESS AND POSSIBILITY. THUS DO WE FALL* DOES EDEN END (*OR IN GENETIC TERMS, DESCEND)
UNLIKE AMOEBAS, IF THEY'D THRIVE, THINGS NOW MUST KILL TO STAY ALIVE. OUR ANIMAL DILEMMA'S PLAIN: WE'RE EITHER ABEL, ELSE WE'RE CAIN.
AH, WELL! THAT'S LIFE! LET'S LEAVE, AND TRUST THINGS TO THEIR PREHISTORIC LUST, THAT ALL OUR HISTORY MAY PROCEED FROM JUNGLE HUMPS; FROM MAMMAL NEED.
THE LOVERS
MEATOPHER
HE SAID, "YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT. THERE IS INDEED A CREATURE KEPT INSIDE THIS BOX..."

SO, NOW WE'RE AT THE POINT WHERE EARLY MAN HAS MULTIPLIED AND GONE FORTH... AROUND THE TRIBAL HUNTER-GATHERER STAGE OF HUMANKIND'S DEVELOPMENT.
AH, YES! EACH HUDDLED LITTLE BAND, WITHOUT A SCHEME, WITH NOTHING PLANNED, NO PATH, NOR VEHICLE TO CONVEY YOUR SPECIES ON ITS DESTINED WAY!
NOTHING TO GUIDE THEM SAVE THE THINGS IN THEIR SHAMAN'S DRUGGED MUTTERINGS AS HE GOES WHERE THE GODS ABIDE WITH VISION'S CHARIOT TO RIDE!
(OR, IF THE THOUGHT OFFEND YOU LESS, TO HIGHER PLANES OF CONSCIOUSNESS.) HE PLUMBS UNCHARTED MENTAL SPACES AS CARD SEVEN, SIX REPLACES!
VII
WHILST HE RIDES UPWARDS SEE HIM SUP THE SOUL'S WINE FROM HIS HOLY CUP: AMBROSIA, NECTAR, SOMA, THESE SWILL THROUGH OUR MYTHS AND HISTORIES.
RESEARCH SUGGESTS THAT ALL THESE BREWS WERE PSYCHEDELIC MUSHROOM STEWS! THESE MAGIC POTIONS, IT APPEARS, PERHAPS GAVE DAWN MAN BIG IDEAS!
MATHS, LANGUAGE, ART, SOCIETY, HOW DID SUCH NOTIONS COME TO BE? WERE THEY INSPIRED BY VISIONS SPIED UPON THE SHAMAN'S CHARIOT RIDE?
IT SEEMS THAT, IN THE LAST RESULT, ALL CULTURE MUST ARISE FROM CULT. THE CHARIOT ROLLS, AND, AS IT GOES, MANKIND'S ROUTE TO THE FUTURE SHOWS!
THE CHARIOT
O MERE PATH
"...AND FURTHERMORE, I MAY REVEAL, THE ANIMAL IN QUESTION IS A MONGOOSE."


HMM. THEN WHAT YOU'RE SAYING IS THAT EVERYTHING IN OUR CULTURE, INCLUDING LANGUAGE AND ART, AROSE FROM THE DRUGGED-OUT INSIGHTS OF THE FIRST MAGICIANS.
I'M NOT SURE I ACCEPT THAT, BUT EVEN SO, FOR THE FIRST SOCIETIES TO GROW FROM TRIBAL CULTS MUST HAVE REQUIRED A PERIOD OF...
...'ADJUSTMENT,' OR CARD NUMBER EIGHT, FORMERLY 'JUSTICE,' IS THAT STATE OF BALANCED EQUILIBRIUM, HARMONY FROM STERN JUDGMENT COME.
NOTIONS OF ORDER, LAWS EMERGE TO CHECK THE SWELLING HUMAN SURGE, WHEN COOPERATION SEEMS TO BE OUR BEST SURVIVAL STRATEGY.
IN THE CRUDE LIMITS SHE DEFINES ARE CIVILIZATION'S FIRST FAINT LINES. YOUR SPECIES, FROM ITS FIRST DECREE, STARTS TAKING ITSELF SERIOUSLY.
VIII
USTMENT
THIS WILL BRING PROBLEMS, YES, THAT'S TRUE. BUT FASTENS HUMAN PROGRESS, TOO. WITH LAW, MANKIND CHOOSES ITS WAY, THE GAME THAT IT INTENDS TO PLAY.
MAKING SOCIETY THEIR GOAL, YOUR KIND AT LAST ADOPT A ROLE AMBITIOUS, DIFFICULT, AND MEANT TO SHOW THEIR PURPOSEFUL INTENT.
THEY FEEL THEIR COURSE, MARKED IN RED TAPE, SUITS THE MORE SERIOUS CLASS OF APE!
APROTHEME
THE FIRST MAN, WHO'D INITIATED THE ENQUIRY, WAS ASTONISHED BY THIS REVELATION.


"THE FIRST MAN"...? NO, NO, HOLD ON. I'M GETTING THE JOKE MIXED UP WITH THE STUFF ABOUT EARLY HUMANITY.
SO, LET'S SEE... THE FIRST SIMPLE LAWS AND TABOOS HAVE BEEN ESTABLISHED, THE BASIC ROUGH PROTOTYPE OF THE CIVILIZATIONS THAT WILL FOLLOW...
IX
YES, HUMAN CULTURE NOW MUST WAIT, NEEDS TIME TO PROPERLY GESTATE, TO GROW THERE IN THE DARK AND WARM, FROM SIMPLE TO MORE COMPLEX FORM.
SEE HIM ALONE THERE IN THE DARK WHO KEEPS ALIGHT HOPE'S FALTERING SPARK. CARD NINE, THE HERMIT, FLOATS COMPLETE IN THAT FIRST CAVE, THAT FIRST RETREAT.
CULTURE EVOLVES, GROWS HANDS, NEW PARTS, IN FERTILE DARK, 'FORE HISTORY STARTS. SOCIETY DRIFTS, SUCKS ITS THUMB, AND DREAMS OF WHAT IT MIGHT BECOME.
WHILE IN THE GLOOM THERE, ALL AROUND, THE RHYTHMIC, REASSURING SOUND OF HISTORY'S HEARTBEAT. HEAR IT RING DESTINY'S PULSE BLOOD, QUICKENING.
THE HERMIT
H E A R T E M P O
SPLUTTERING WITH SURPRISE, HE SOUGHT SOME FURTHER EXPLANATION OF THIS CERTAINLY PROVOCATIVE DISCLOSURE MADE BY HIS STRANGE FELLOW-TRAVELLER...

THE HERMIT AS AN EMBRYO, HMM WELL, I SUPPOSE THAT MAKES A CERTAIN SENSE.
AND AFTER THIS SOCIAL GESTATION PERIOD, I SUPPOSE WE GET THE BIRTH OF CLASSICAL CIVILIZATION, WHERE HISTORY AS WE KNOW IT COMMENCES...
AYE! EMPIRES RISE, THEN CEASE TO BE IN THE ROULETTE OF DESTINY. CHANGE GOVERNS ALL AFFAIRS OF MEN; THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE, OR, CARD TEN.
SEE BABYLON FALL, SEE EGYPT THRIVE 'TIL ALEXANDER'S GREEKS ARRIVE. THEN, NEXT, THE ROMANS COME TO TOWN. THE WHEEL TURNS. WE GO UP, ELSE DOWN.
STONES CRACK, AND HANGING GARDENS ROT. 'TIS ONLY CHANGE THAT CHANGES NOT THERE'S ONE ENDURING TRUTH TO LEARN: THAT THINGS WILL CHANGE. THE WHEEL WILL TURN.
LIKE SULPHUR, SALT AND MERCURY. THREE PRINCIPLES OF ALCHEMY. ONE STATE MUST TO THE NEXT GIVE WAY, CAUGHT IN THE WHEEL'S ETERNAL PLAY.
YET EMPIRES STILL BEMOAN THEIR LOT AS THEY'RE CHURNED UNDER AND FORGOT. "OH, TIME!" THEY CRY, AND FEAR THE NEW, BUT TIMES CHANGE WHATCHA GONNA DO?
X
FORTUNE
EHTEMPORA
"A MONGOOSE? SIR, I MUST CONFESS I HAD EXPECTED IT TO BE PERHAPS A CAT, OR RABBIT, NOT A CREATURE SO EXOTIC AND OUTLANDISH."

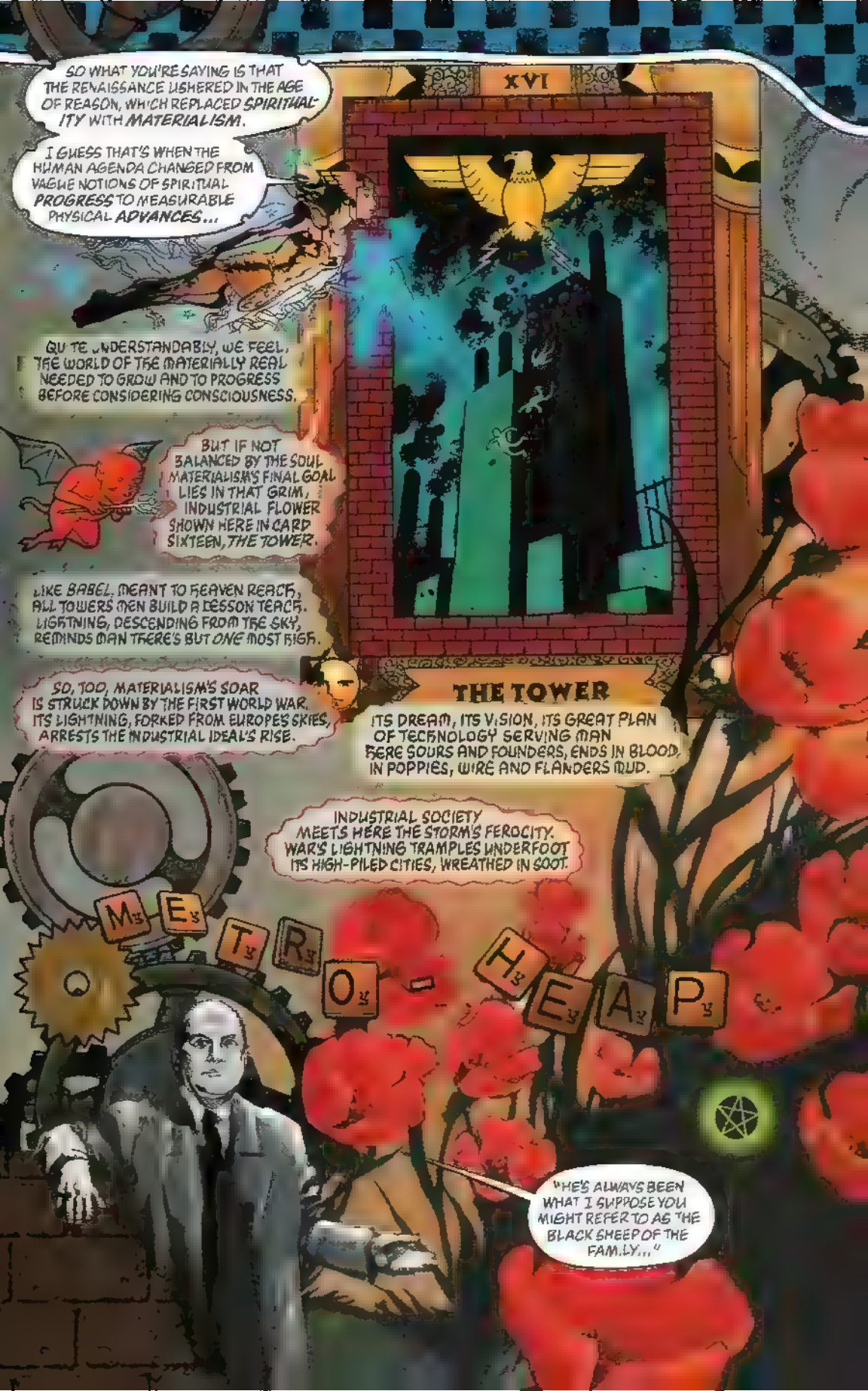
I'LL ADMIT IT'S WONDERFUL HOW THE GREAT CULTURES AROSE FROM SCATTERED TRIBES, HOW THEY PRODUCED ALL THAT INCREDIBLE ART AND WRITING AND PHILOSOPHY
ALL THE SAME, CLASSICAL CULTURE EVENTUALLY OVERREACHED ITSELF.
THE HEIGHTS TO WHICH EMPIRES ASPIRE ARE OFT BROUGHT LOW BY THEIR DESIRE: AMORAL POWER, UNCHECKED, RELEASED, A WHORE ASTRIDE A RAVENING BEAST.
A DRUNKEN HARLOT HOLDS THE REIN OF CONQUERING FORCE NONE MAY RESTRAIN. INSATIABLE, THE CONCUBINE RIDES ON, ENFLAMED BY VICTORY'S WINE.
THIS, THEN, IS CARD ELEVEN'S THRUST WHAT WAS CALLED STRENGTH IS NOW CALLED LUST. CONSIDER THE CONQUESTS OF ROME, WHILE RECKLESS ORGIES SEETHED AT HOME.
LIKE WILDFIRE THAT NO MAN SHALL TAME SHE IS, IN US, THAT HUNGRY FLAME THAT LUST CARELESS OF LESSONS LEARNED WHEREIN WE GET OUR FINGERS BURNED.
THE WHIMS OF THE SERAGLIO TELL EMPIRE'S LION, NOW, WHERE TO GO. SUCCESS-INTOXICATED, SEE OWNS TO NO VULNERABILITY.
YET CULTURES THAT KNOW FEAR ARE NOT SO FRAIL AS THOSE THAT HAVE FORGOT. ROME'S POWER EXTENDS, A WANTON SPRAWL, PROUD HARLOT HEADED FOR A FALL.
LUST
HAREM
"THE ANIMAL YOU MENTION SO EXCITES MY CURIOSITY THAT I MUST BEG YOU, SIR, TO TELL ME MORE
"WHERE ARE YOU BOUND WITH SUCH A SPEC MEN, IF I MAY BE SO BOLD?"

HM. AND WHERE ARE YOU TWO GOING WITH THIS ARGUMENT, IF I MAY BE SO BOLD?
YOU MENTIONED A "PROUD STRUMPET, HEADED FOR A FALL." WOULD THAT BE THE FALL OF ROME AND THE START OF THE DARK AGES?
TIME'S MILLS DO NOT FOR EMPIRES STOP.
ROME'S FALL WAS MORE A GALLOWS-DROP
XII
THE HANGED MAN
CARD TWELVE, THE HANGED MAN, SEEMS TO MARK
HOW LIGHT DESCENDED PLUNGED, TO DARK.
THE HARD-WON KNOWLEDGE OF MANKIND
TO BRUTE, BARBARIAN NIGHT CONSIGNED.
TRUE WEALTH, BUCKMINSTER FULLER SAID,
IS INFORMATION IN MAN'S HEAD.
HOW THEN, MAY WE CONCEIVE THE COST
OF CULTURE TO THE LYNCH-MOB LOST?
YET BARBAROUS NORSE MYTHOLOGY
HAS ODIN HUNG ON GALLOWS-TREE
SO TO BE MADE INITIATE
IN THE LAST MYSTERIES OF FATE
INITIATION, IT'S IMPLIED,
MAY BE A DARK AND DESPERATE RIDE,
A JOURNEY THROUGH THE LAND OF SHADE
REQUIRED BEFORE PROGRESS IS MADE.
MAN'S DARK AGE. THIS CARD MAY REVEAL, WAS BUT A NECESSARY ORDEAL, THE ANAESTHETIC DARK YOU'D NEED FOR VITAL SURGERY TO PROCEED.
ROME FALLS, DARK COMES, ALL HUMAN LIFE AND CULTURE GOES UNDER THE KNIFE. FATE WEIGHS (MANKIND IS HANGED, YET LIVES) THE MEDICAL ALTERNATIVES.
HM!
OPERATE!
THE OTHER MAN, WHO SAT WITH THE PERFORATED BOX ON HIS LAP, SHRUGGED WEARILY AS HE REPLIED

OH DEAR. WELL, IF THE DARK AGES WAS LIKE A NECESSARILY PAINFUL PERIOD OF SURGERY FOR MANKIND, THEN THE OUTCOME DOESN'T LOOK GOOD.
THIS IS THE DEATH CARD.
DEATH
WHAT BETTER SYMBOL, GRIM AND BLEAK, OF THE DARK AGES AT THEIR PEAK? O'ER BATTLEFIELDS THE CORPSE-BIRDS KEEN THEIR PAEAN TO DEATH, OUR CARD THIRTEEN
THOUGH THIS CARD SOUNDS A FUNERAL KNELL IT HAS ANOTHER TALE TO TELL. DEATH, OUR EVENTUAL, AWFUL FATE MEANS NOTHING MORE THAN "CHANGE OF STATE."
ONE STATE MUST END ('TIS COMMON SENSE) BEFORE ANOTHER MAY COMMENCE. THIS CARD PERMITS, THEN, A FRESH VIEW: DEATH OF THE OLD THAT BIRTHS THE NEW
FOLK'S BODIES DIE, THEIR SOULS REBORN INTO THE GOLDEN SOLAR DAWN. SO, TOO, WITH CULTURE. MAN'S DARK AGE WAS BUT A NECESSARY STAGE.
WITH GREAT CONSTANTINOPLE FELLED, THE SCHOLARS AND THE BOOKS IT HELD FLED WEST, THEIR KNOWLEDGE TO IMPART AND GIVE THE RENAISSANCE ITS START
THE HIGH DARK AGES' ENDLESS NIGHT HELD IN ITSELF SEEDS OF NEW LIGHT. 'TIS FEAR AND IGNORANCE THAT WRITHE BENEATH TIME'S BLUNT YET POWERFUL SCYTHE
R E A P
O
T H E M
"WELL," HE SAID, "IT'S SOMETHING OF A PERSONAL MATTER, AS IT CONCERNS A FAMILY TRAGEDY..."

WELL, I GUESS THE DARK AGES WERE A TRAGEDY FOR THE HUMAN FAMILY, BUT...
NO, NO, I'M GETTING MIXED UP AGAIN. WE'D JUST ABOUT REACHED THE DAWN OF THE RENAISSANCE...
AYE, DAWN'S THE WORD, THE DARK CLOUDS PART FOR RENAISSANCE, CARD FOURTEEN, ART.
XIV
FORMERLY TEMPERANCE, SHE'LL SPILL DREAM'S SILVER WITH THE GOLD OF WILL; IMAGINATION TEMPERED BY THAT PART OF US MOST WISE, MOST HIGH.
WILL AND IMAGINATION, TIED, THE KEYS TO ALL SUCCESS PROVIDE SILVER AND GOLD, TOGETHER BOUND, BRING DAYDREAMS DOWN TO SOLID GROUND.
THIS CHEMISTRY ALLOWED MAN'S FIRE TO RISE ABOVE THE DARK AGE MIRE; IS IN EACH WORK OF ART, EACH WORD OF EVERY SONG YOU EVER HEARD.
SCIENCE, ART AND BEAUTY ROSE ANEW LIKE GODS, THROUGH SKIES OF SISTINE BLUE. MAN HAD SURVIVED THE DARK'S DIRE TEST AND LIGHTS CAME ON ACROSS THE WEST.
ART
CONSCIOUSNESS FLOURISHED, REASON THRIVED. CIVILIZATION WAS REVIVED. LET POETS TELL IT AND INSPIRE! LET PASSION RING FROM EVERY LYRE!
E. M. O. T. E. H. A. R. P.
"HOWEVER, SINCE I'M CONFIDENT I MAY RELY ON YOUR DISCRETION, I SUPPOSE I DON'T MIND SHARING MY UNFORTUNATE ACCOUNT WITH YOU."

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IF THE RENAISSANCE WAS SUCH A SHOT IN THE ARM FOR CULTURE, HOW COME THIS NEXT CARD'S THE DEVIL?
IT ALL DEPENDS ON WHAT WE MEAN BY THIS, THE DEVIL, CARD FIFTEEN.
XV
A PENTACLE SURROUNDS HIS FROWN WITH FOUR POINTS UP AND ONE POINT DOWN: FOUR ELEMENTS OF MATTER RISE WHILE SPIRIT, DOWNMOST TRAMPLED LIES.
THE SPIRIT'S WORLD WE THUS CONCEAL WHILE MATTER'S REALM SEEMS ALL THAT'S REAL.
THUS SATAN OFFERS CHRIST, UNFURLED, THE WEALTH OF THE MATERIAL WORLD. THE DEVIL IS, THEN, BY AND LARGE, MATERIALISM'S FIERCE MIRAGE.
SO, IN THE LIGHT RENAISSANCE BRINES, THE AGE OF REASON SPREADS ITS WINGS THE RATIONAL NOW HOLDS FULL SWAY AND SCIENCE ASCENDS AS GOD GIVES WAY.
MATERIALISM'S STEADY CREEP WHICH WILLIAM BLAKE CALLED "NEWTON'S SLEEP," BRINGS WORLDLY BLESSINGS, FAIR AND FINE YET BLINDS MANKIND TO THE DIVINE.
SUCH TEMPTING GIFTS THIS DEVIL BRINGS: STEAM ENGINES, PRINTING, SPLENDID THINGS THAT IN THEIR WAKE, AN AGE DECREE OF SPIRITUAL DRUDGERY.
THE DEVIL
THE MOPER
"YOU SEE," THE MAN WENT ON, "THIS SORRY TALE CONCERNS MY ELDER BROTHER..."


SO WHAT YOU'RE SAYING IS THAT THE RENAISSANCE USHERED IN THE AGE OF REASON, WHICH REPLACED SPIRITUALITY WITH MATERIALISM.
I GUESS THAT'S WHEN THE HUMAN AGENDA CHANGED FROM VAGUE NOTIONS OF SPIRITUAL PROGRESS TO MEASURABLE PHYSICAL ADVANCES...
QUITE UNDERSTANDABLY, WE FEEL, THE WORLD OF THE MATERIALLY REAL NEEDED TO GROW AND TO PROGRESS BEFORE CONSIDERING CONSCIOUSNESS.
BUT IF NOT BALANCED BY THE SOUL MATERIALISM'S FINAL GOAL LIES IN THAT GRIM, INDUSTRIAL FLOWER SHOWN HERE IN CARD SIXTEEN, THE TOWER.
XVI
LIKE BABEL, MEANT TO HEAVEN REACH, ALL TOWERS MEN BUILD A LESSON TEACH. LIGHTNING, DESCENDING FROM THE SKY, REMINDS MAN THERE'S BUT ONE MOST HIGH.
SO, TOO, MATERIALISM'S SOAR IS STRUCK DOWN BY THE FIRST WORLD WAR. ITS LIGHTNING, FORKED FROM EUROPE'S SKIES, ARRESTS THE INDUSTRIAL IDEAL'S RISE.
THE TOWER
ITS DREAM, ITS VISION, ITS GREAT PLAN OF TECHNOLOGY SERVING MAN HERE SOURS AND FOUNDERS, ENDS IN BLOOD, IN POPPIES, WIRE AND FLANDERS MUD.
INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY MEETS HERE THE STORM'S FEROCITY. WAR'S LIGHTNING TRAMPLES UNDERFOOT ITS HIGH-PILED CITIES, WREATHED IN SOOT.
METROHEAP
"HE'S ALWAYS BEEN WHAT I SUPPOSE YOU MIGHT REFER TO AS THE BLACK SHEEP OF THE FAMILY..."

I SEE. WE'RE UP TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, AND THE DREAM OF AN INDUSTRIAL UTOPIA HAS GONE DOWN IN THE FLAMES OF WORLD WAR ONE.

SO, WHAT COMES AFTER THE TOWER?

ALL MEN RAISE TOWERS THAT CRASH AND BURN AND BREAK THEIR HEARTS, YET NEVER LEARN SO MUCH AS WHEN THEY SPRAWL AMAZED AMIDST THE RUINS, CONCUSSED AND DAZED.

XVII

THUS, O'ER THE SCARRED WORLD, RACKED WITH HARM, IS POURED THE SOUL'S REMEDIAL BALM THROUGH MANKIND'S DARK, LIGHT FROM AFAR, AS IN CARD SEVENTEEN, THE STAR.

IN BLOODY CONFLICT'S AFTERMATH MAN YEARNS FOR A MORE SACRED PATH. IN A BEREAVED WORLD OF WRECKED LIVES FAITH IN THE OCCULT, CLEARLY, THRIVES.

ANGELS OF MONS; THEOSOPHY; THE FAIRIES SNAPPED AT COTTINGSLY; THE GOLDEN DAWN'S EACH MAGIC RITE; VAGUE GLIMPSES, ALL, OF DISTANT LIGHT.

MATERIALISM ENDS, 'TWAS FOUND, IN BLEACHED YOUNG BONES ON FOREIGN GROUND. TIRING OF WAR MAPS, MANKIND'S LED TO CHART THE SPECTRAL REALM INSTEAD

OCCULT PHILOSOPHIES DEFINE THE TERRITORY OF THE DIVINE, PLOT GHOSTLY, STARLIT COASTS, AND TRACE THE SHIFTING CONTOURS OF ITS FACE.

THE STAR

MAP OF ETHER

"HE HAS FOR MANY YEARS INDULGED HIMSELF IN A PREDICTABLE AND COMMONPLACE ARRAY OF VICES, OF WHICH THE WORST IS HIS FONDNESS FOR STRONG SPIRITS...."

WELL, I SUPPOSE THE SPIRITUAL RESURGENCE AFTER THE WAR DID ALLOW A FLICKER OF LIGHT...
...BUT THE FACT THAT IT'S REPRESENTED AS A STAR SUGGESTS IT'S STILL TINY, AND SURROUNDED BY BLACKNESS.
THAT DARK IS IN OUR NEXT CARD SHOWED, THE TWENTIETH CENTURY'S LAMPLESS ROAD PAST HORRORS FRIGHTFUL AND OBSCENE LIT BY THE MOON, OUR CARD EIGHTEEN.
XVIII
THIS CARD DISPLAYS, STARK AND FORLORN, MANKIND'S DARK HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN. AUSCHWITZ, HIROSHIMA, EACH BLIGHT, EACH TYRANNY OBSCURES THE LIGHT.
ARBEIT MACHT FREI
THIS TWENTY-TWO CARD TAROT SET MATCHES THE HEBREW ALPHABET, WITH THIS MOON-CARD ATTRIBUTED TO QOPH, WHICH MEANS "BACK OF THE HEAD."
THUS, MAN'S UNCONSCIOUS MIND'S IMPLIED, HIS DARKER, MORE UNREASONING SIDE. IT'S THE MOON'S BLACKEST FACE WE SEE; THE UNDERWORLD OF HECATE.
MANKIND'S LONG PATH IS FROUGHT WITH PAIN THROUGH HECATE'S NIGHTMARE DOMAIN. THE LETHAL NUCLEAR STOCKPILES GROW BENEATH HER WAN, CREPUSCULAR GLOW.
THE MO
OUR EARTH THERE HANGS A CLOUD OF DOUBT: MIGHT MAN'S LIGHT FLARE, THEN BE SNUFFED OUT?
MANKIND GROWS WITH ITS END OBSESSED. THE VERY PLANET SEEMS DEPRESSED.
EARTH
HOPE
"HIS DRINKING HAS PROGRESSED UNTIL HE IS NOW IN THE FINAL MELANCHOLY STAGES OF DELIRIUM TREMENS..."

I'M STARTING TO UNDERSTAND. HUMANITY'S EVERY GLIMMER OF SPIRITUAL INSIGHT SEEMS TO EVENTUALLY DETERIORATE INTO DARKNESS AND CONFLICT...
...BUT WHEN OUR MATERIAL SITUATION GROWS UNBEARABLE, THAT FORCES MANKIND TOWARDS SPIRITUAL REDISCOVERY, AS A COUNTER-REACTION
OF COURSE. THIS RHYTHM, TO AND FRO, IS PART OF HISTORY'S QUICKENING FLOW THERE'S DARKNESS, THEN NEW DAYS BEGIN LLUMED BY CARD NINETEEN, THE SUN
THE HEBREW LETTER RESH, WE FIND, IS TO THIS TAROT PATH ASSIGNED. ITS MEANING, "FRONT OF HEAD," IS NAUGHT BUT BRIGHT, ENLIGHTENED CONSCIOUS THOUGHT.
WITH WORLD WAR TWO, FACTORS CONVERGE (WEALTH, SCIENCE, A DEMOGRAPHIC SURGE). YOUTH, BY THE CENTURY'S MIDDLE YEARS OUTNUMBERS AGE, SEEKS NEW IDEAS.
BUDDHISM, ZEN, ASTROLOGY AND THE I-CHING MIXED RANDOMLY WITH DRUGS WHICH AIDED THE SHAMAN'S TRANCE INTO THE DECADE'S CULTURAL DANCE.
THIS WAS A PSYCHEDELIC* PEAK (FOR "SOUL-REVEALING," FROM THE GREEK). YOUNGSTERS, STILL WET BEHIND THE EARS, TOOK ON THE ROLES OF BARDS OR SEERS.
ALAS, THE ZEITGEIST'S SOLAR FLASH SCORCHED MOST SUCH VISIONARIES TO ASH. THEIR LIVES, CONFUSED, ADDICTED, LAME, DRUGGED MELODRAMAS NOW BECAME.
XIX
SUN
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"MY BROTHER NOW SEES SERPENTS EVERYWHERE, WHICH IS THE REASON I AM TAKING HIM THIS MONGOOSE, THAT HE MAY BE RID OF THEM."

YOU'RE SAYING THAT THE EXPLOSION OF PSYCHEDELIC CONSCIOUSNESS DURING THE SIXTIES WAS IMPORTANT, HOWEVER IT ENDED UP

I GUESS BECAUSE IT WAS THE LARGEST EVER GENERATION, IT INFLUENCED WHAT CAME *AFTER*, FOR BETTER OR WORSE. ITS *IDEAS* ARE STILL AROUND *TODAY*...

IDEAS MANKIND WILL NEED, ONE FEARS, SOME TIME IN THE NEXT TWENTY YEARS. 'TIS THEN CARD TWENTY COMES IN PLAY, THE AEON, ONCE CALLED JUDGMENT DAY.

APOCALYPSE, AS "WORLD'S END" SEEN NEED ONLY REVELATION MEAN. OUR WORLD OF IDEAS, SET ALIGHT, BY INFORMATION, FIERCE AND BRIGHT.

MAN'S KNOWLEDGE DOUBLES, IT APPEARS, JUST LESS THAN EVERY COUPLE OF YEARS. MAN'S LAST TWO YEARS MORE BREAKTHROUGHS SEE THAN ALL YOUR PREVIOUS HISTORY.

IT'S SAID, BY TWENTY-SEVENTEEN THIS DOUBLING'S EACH HALF-SECOND SEEN. HERE INFORMATION'S FLASHPOINT LOOMS. ITS BLAZE REVEALS, AS IT CONSUMES.

MEN JUDGE *THEMSELVES* IN THIS NEW LIGHT, ONE WORLDVIEW'S CRASHED, THE NEXT TAKES FLIGHT.

ONE AEON'S BURNED BY THIS KNOWLEDGE-FLASH, NEW CONSCIOUSNESS BORN FROM ITS ASH.

SAYS CROWLEY, WHEN NOT TELLING JOKES, THIS AEON HARPOCRATES EVOKES. WORLD'S END IS RULED, THEN, BY HIS ROD: HARPOCRATES, THE SILENT GOD.

THE AEON

MEET HARPO

"EXCUSE ME," THE OTHER MAN INTERJECTED, LOOKING PUZZLED, "BUT, THESE *SNAKES* YOUR BROTHER SEES, AREN'T THEY *IMAGINARY* SNAKES?"

"INDEED," HIS FELLOW TRAVELLER REPLIED. "BUT *THIS*..."

TH-THEN THE WORLD AS WE UNDERSTAND IT ENDS BY 2017? WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?

AND, UH, IF YOU COULD REMIND ME WHICH OF YOU IS WHICH AGAIN...?

WE'VE REACHED THE LAST CARD IN OUR PACK. (I'M MIKE, THE HANDSOME ONE. HE'S MACK.)

XXI

THE UNIVERSE

A NEW *UNIVERSE* IS BEGUN. AS SHOWN HERE IN CARD TWENTY-ONE. ADD ON CARD ZERO AND TEN SPHERES, THE THIRTY-SECOND PATH APPEARS.

THIS EARTH-MOON PATH SHOWS, AT A GLANCE, FLESH AND IMAGINATION'S DANCE. THE EARTHLY LIFESNAKE, DNA, AND LUNA'S DREAM-GIRL GLIDE AND SWAY.

MANKIND MOVES FROM THE EARTHLY PLANE TO MOON'S IMAGINARY DOMAIN. (ALREADY, WORK AND PLAY TAKE PLACE, INCREASINGLY, IN VIRTUAL SPACE.)

MAN'S PATH, THROUGH MATTER'S WARFIELDS, LED TO THIS DREAM-REALM THAT WAITS AHEAD. WHERE WE MAY LIFT OUR GAZE AND SEE, O'ERHEAD, THE SOUL'S INFINITY.

REJOICE! THIS IS THE PROMISED TIME OF EARTH'S ASCENT TO REALMS SUBLIME. IMAGINATION'S ENDLESS DANCE IS MANKIND'S JEWELLED INHERITANCE.

IMAGINATION, THEN, IS KEY TO MAGIC'S SUMPTUOUS TERRITORY. MAN'S VERSE FINDS, IN THIS MOONLIGHT CLIME, IT'S LAST, MOST SATISFYING RHYME.

HEART POEM

...AND HERE HE GESTURED MEANINGFULLY TO THE PERFORATED BOX SET ON HIS LAP...

"...IS AN IMAGINARY MONGOOSE!"

After "A.C. Dring," pencil sketch by Lady Frieda Harris, November 30th, 1947.

THUS DOES OUR SERPENT'S TAIL CONCLUDE (OR STARTS FRESH, IF YOU'RE IN THE MOOD). AROUND AND ROUND OUR FABLE GOES, ETERNAL LIKE OUROBOROS.
AS FOR YOU, LISTENER, DEAR CHILD, WE'VE LED YOU FAR, THROUGH PASTURES WILD. PERHAPS WE SHOULD BE GETTING BACK?
SO, 'BYE FROM MIKE...
...AND CIAO FROM MACK.
PROMETHEA
NEXT: THE FIELDS WE KNOW

IMAGINARY LINES

Write to us at 7910 Ivanhoe Ave., Suite 438, La Jolla, CA 92037, email: promethea@wildstorm.com. All letters appreciated!

As might be expected, PROMETHEA #10 drew more mail than most comic books in recent memory, so we'll just get out of the way and let you folks have the stage...

Reading Moore and Williams' **PROMETHEA** 10 ("Sex, Stars & Serpents") is the second time I have seen ecstasy portrayed so compellingly in comics. The first time was in the astonishing *Saga of the SWAMP THING* #34 ("Rite of Spring,"Moore/Bissette/ Totleben). I don't think ecstasy has ever been portrayed so hypnotically anywhere else in comics, "Throat Sprockets," which appeared in **TABOO** years ago, came close, but that was more about desire than completion. Sadly, that's more of a reflection on the obsessions of American comic book artisans than a statement about the limits of the medium.

In both stories, I was completely absorbed by the telling. The outside world receded and I focused only on the story. At one point, I became aware of my breathing slowing down, and marveled at my total immersion in the story. The pacing in the storytelling was crafted so meticulously that the events seemed to unfold in real time, albeit at a languid pace.

I think the deep involvement that these stories induced was partly a function of the erotic elements of the story, partly a function of the many mystical and mythical elements drawn upon, but due in great part to the fine understanding of the use of the medium by the writers and artists.

I will treasure this comic for a long time. Thank you for a wonderful experience.

Andrej Panjkov
via e-mail

Alan Moore is a mad genius bent on changing the world one perspective at a time. J. H. Williams III is no slouch, either.

Thank you for putting it all down in print,

Rosko
Birmingham, AL

J.H. WILLIAMS III and MICK GRAY
Cover art

Jeromy Cox
Cover color

TODD KLEIN
Cover logo and design

JIM LEE
Editorial Director

JOHN NEE
VP & General Manager

SCOTT DUNBIER
Group Editor

Dear Immaterial Boys,

Bravo on **PROMETHEA** #10 -- how interesting that this thoughtfully erotic episode about an imaginary woman is one of the few contemporary comics any real woman would feel comfortable coming within ten feet of.

This issue also showed how, more than any comic on the market today, **PROMETHEA** is the one in which anything can happen -- from metaphysical slugfest to fairy-tale to farce to tantric sex-manual.

Though their presence can feel disruptive, this principle is also upheld by the recurring appearances of the superheroic Five Swell Guys. Their rogues gallery even supplied the most meaningful disruption in the series thus far -- amidst Promethea's slam-bang showdown with the Goetia was the rich irony that even these spawn of hell were amateurs compared to the random pathology of humans, as represented by the murder-suicidal Painted Doll.

I must dissent from the many letter-writers who clamor for the Doll's resurrection, though -- there's a certain perverse bravery in introducing so promising a character only to blow him up in the name of narrative integrity. Not that he couldn't show up for a Five Swell Guys 80-page special in one of those flashbacks Alan writes so well...

Adam McGovern
via e-mail

Dear Scott, Jeff, and the rest of the Amazing **PROMETHEA** Team:

Issue #10 was a wonder to behold. That cliché is the only thing that does this issue justice. J. H. Williams. III and Mick Gray pulled off an amazing feat. Revealing their exquisite taste and fine artistic senses, they exactly conveyed the great beauty and import of what Alan Moore wrote (the words, themselves, and the meanings behind them). Jeromy N. Cox gave us hauntingly beautiful colors, while Todd Klein supplied his world-class lettering; together, they completed this wonderful issue as no others could.

PROMETHEA is my favorite ongoing comic-book title. As much as I truly love the other books in the ABC line, and as much as there are many other titles out there that delight, impress, and move me, whether published by DC or by other companies, no other comic book comes up to bringing me the wonder, the beauty, and the sweet and profound inspiration, cleverly and charmingly interspersed with humor, wit, and adventure, that **PROMETHEA** brings me every single month.

Congratulations on creating the finest comic book out today!

Very truly yours,
Amy Walker
Sacramento, CA

Dear Imaginary Lines,

First of all, I want to say that I just love this book. It is a treat. But that is not why I write this. This might seem a bit inappropriate, but I want to recommend the book "Mythago Wood" by Robert Holdstock. Please, please, please trust me that this is a brilliant piece of literature.

David Reynolds
Croton-on-Hudson, NY

Inappropriate, David? "Mythago Wood" is all about how stories shape us -- not at all out of place in the pages of PROMETHEA.

As Alan may remember, I've been waiting to read this story for a long time.

It was beautiful. Thank you.

Avedon

Feminists Against Censorship

And, because we believe in representing opposing points of view...

Dear Imaginary Lines,

I think the **PROMETHEA** series you guys have created is the most thoughtful, intelligent, provocative piece of work revolving around a woman I have read in a very long time. As a woman and a writer myself, I place great value on creating more and more female heroes. I have enjoyed everything in this series from the plot, to the dense use of mythological symbolism, to the rich visuals. I think it is vital to create works like this that mixes well done craft, politics, a high regard for creativity and expansion, and true female power.

It is because I have felt so strongly about **PROMETHEA** that I am writing to you today. I just finished reading "Sex, Stars, and Serpents." Did a lonely, bitter, dirty old man kidnap Alan Moore and write this chapter? What happened? It was awful. Here's my argument:

1. Hello bad Hollywood cliché. Old man and young woman? Even worse, old man and very young woman? That bit at the end where the old guy "accidentally" sees our Sophie naked? I felt like Sophie was truly violated. I had higher expectations of this story. How could you stoop to this gross, overdone storyline? Would you have written the same kind of thing if the genders were switched?

2. In past issues, when Sophie is learning major lessons, it is as Sophie. In this issue, as Promethea, it is as though the powerful Promethea is learning about sex, orgasms, chakras and kundalini power for the first time. If anything, I would think Promethea would have a thing or two to teach the old guy. I would think she would already be in her full sexual power. I can't imagine that the old wizard would be able to teach her anything new.

3. What's with the comments about not using a condom? It just felt like another cheap thrill. A pre-pubescent fantasy. Or pedophile fantasy.

I think an issue revolving around the magic of sex is in itself a wonderful idea. I love that idea. I love many of the themes that came up in this very issue. But I was unable to enjoy it because of the points I have listed. I am hoping that Promethea can rise above this issue. I want to keep thinking of her as my very favorite new hero.

With all sincerity,

Linda Santiman

Dear Figments

Good for Jack. The trouble with the Theatre of All Selves bit is that nobody will trust you with anything deep or delicate. I'm glad he managed to stay a gent throughout, this time. The final exchange of small fondnesses (superbly rendered, perfectly scripted) means more to me than all the sexuality before.

In all temerity, what the book needs is a Little Margie's Page at the end. It could have coloring in, and join-the-dots and Where's-Chinky, and people could copy it if their kids aren't up to hollowpoints and condom jokes yet. Maybe we'd even get to see Baron Fireglove's Chuckling Orchard.

Jonathan Burns

Giving us the perfect opening to plug the AMERICA'S BEST COMICS SPECIAL #1, where you can meet Little Margie and the gang...

PROMETHEA #10 moved me so deeply that the fan letter I'd been putting off since I started reading your book finally demanded to be written. **PROMETHEA** has consistently excited me since its beginning — the depth and complexity of the female characters, its fusion of storytelling and magick, the dazzling artwork and consistently interesting page layouts that never distracted but always added to the mood and flow of the narrative itself.

But this — I cannot remember ever having seen another work that so beautifully and passionately celebrates both the feminine aspect of divinity and the miracle of human sexuality. Its articulation of the meaning of lovemaking as a symbolic and sacred act was clear without being preachy; its portrayal of the act itself was explicit without being tasteless. I was particularly struck by the page where the panels themselves curved into the shape of the serpent, changing hues as the narrative moved from chakra to chakra... and then the gorgeous splash panel a few pages later, with the stylized images of gods and goddesses from different traditions expanding symmetrically from the central image of male and female as one being. I read it with tears in my eyes.

I cannot thank the **PROMETHEA** team enough for the gift of this beautiful book. It is clear to me that Mr. Moore's magickal practice has given him a deep understanding of the way story and symbol create meaning. Moreover, **PROMETHEA**'s truly gifted team of artists has allowed him not just to explain and articulate these ideas, but to demonstrate them visually and with an emotional impact that mere text lacks. Sophie's transformation into a goddess each month reminds me (as another struggling urban college student) that there is a spark of the divine within each of us, as well as the ability to transcend our ordinary, day-to-day selves in favor of something greater. Congratulations on this extraordinary work of art.

Christine

via e-mail

Thanks to all of you for responding to a truly exemplary comic book with all your mail — we're sorry we couldn't fit in more of it.

NEXT ISSUE:

Be here next time to accompany Promethea and Stacia on an unusual journey in "The Fields We Know." It's a trip you won't soon forget!